

ATTALA REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between!

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" said he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain! (to me,
"Though the breath of these flowers are sweet
"I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eye,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Land of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowers gay,"
The reaper said and smil'd;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
"Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
"Transplanted by my care,
"And saints upon their garments white
"These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
But she knew she should find them all again,
In the field of light above.

Of not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,
And took these flowers away.

A NAME.

Make to thyself a name,
Not with the breath of clay,
Which, like the broken hollow reed,
Doth hide itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own

Make to thyself a name,
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold
That dazzles to deceive;
Not with the tints of love
Form out its letters fair;
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like him that placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,
Not in the sculptured aisle;
The marble oft beauty its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile;
But ask of him who quell'd
Of death the victor strife,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

THE GOLD WATCH.

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire and the emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly chased case would be a mere shell, those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is steel. I ask what is steel?—The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then I find the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold; that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass; that would not do; but of iron. Iron is therefore, the only precious metal, and this watch an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass, the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broken, or wants winding up, symbolically the laborious classes, which, like the main spring, we wind up by the payment of wages; and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and absolutely as necessary to the movement of society as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch, are

never thought of except when they require their wages are in want or disorder of some kind or other.—*Edward Everett.*

How to Cook a Husband.—We suspect that the lady editress of the Boston Transcript said that "many of our married lady readers are not aware how a good husband ought to be cooked, so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper, contributed by one "MARY," which points out the modus operandi of preparing and cooking husbands. MARY states that many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them, by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them in sauce.—Now it cannot be supposed, that husbands will be very tender and good, managed in this way, but they are, on the contrary quite delicious when preserved. MARY points out her manner, thus:—"Get a large jar, called the jar of cheerfulness, (which by the by, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heat be regular and constant. Cover him over with quietness of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity, and innocent plesantry; and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy, and it would not be amiss, to add a little prudence and moderation."

THE MAGIC OF A SMILE.—Who has not felt the electric of a smile? Delicious good humor! Bright gift of him who giveth sunshine and flowers—blessed fireside partner—brightest soother of care—most delicate grace of youth—fair lingerer by the side of old age—I dedicate myself to thee! What though the wrinkle gather on thy brow and the chesnut curls of youth fading to the gray of gathered years, give me but the reflected lustre of thy smile, and I shall charm even yet the eye that loves me.

Care of Human Figure during Infancy.—The beauty of the human figure depends essentially on skilful nursing during infancy. In that delicate period, the bones are soft and the joints easily dislocated; and deformities and dislocations are frequently occasioned for which no subsequent care and skill can remedy. In passing along the streets of a vast metropolis, how continually is the eye offended and the heart pained at the contemplation of objects whose life is rendered miserable by the unpardonable carelessness, or even wanton cruelty of nurses. How often does it happen that accidents which immediate surgical skill might have remedied, are kept secret from parents merely to screen domestic frown well deserved censure, until they assume a character in which all knowledge is unavailing for purposes of cure. Care is necessary to guard the the limbs and vertebrae; as the body may easily (if not actually humped) be stunted in its growth; and limbs are weakened by too much walking or standing before the bones becomes sufficiently hardened and consolidated to endure pressure. Whenever fatigue is produced either to the infant or to the nurse, no more rational or beneficial plan can be adopted than the Indian fashion of laying the child on the floor, where it may roll about at pleasure, bringing all the muscles and joints into a healthful and natural action.

Queer Robbery.—The reporter of the N. Y. Supreme Court, on his way down from Utica, was robbed of his trunk, containing, among other things, the decisions of the supreme Court during its recent session at Utica. Upon this the Bay State Democrat remarks that as the reporter had the copy-right—though he has not a copy left—the plunderer had better not attempt to publish them. At any rate, if the rascal will wait a little while, until he can be detected and tried for his theft, he may have the satisfaction of seeing his own case stated, possibly, and his name figure at large in the New York reports.

To the PRINTER of the ATTALA REGISTER.

Permit a giddy, trifling girl,
For once to fill a poets corner;
She cares not how the critics snarl,
Or beaux and macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see,
Oblige her, (sure you cant refuse it.)
And, if you find her out, your fee
Shall be, to kiss her, if you choose it

July 10th, 1843.

KATE.
"C—,"

*Come you "K—," and pay what is due,
Or give a note that I can sue;
My books are full; I cannot trust,
So do not ask, for pay you must. w.

From the Picayune of the 8th.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

Arrival of Perote Prisoners.—By the arrival last night of the Mexican steamship Petrita, Cap. James A. Loughhead, five days from Vera Cruz, we are in receipt of letters and full files of Mexican papers, but have only room for the following brief items:

We are much pleased to find that several of the Perote prisoners reached this city in the Petrita.

The following are the names of the prisoners who made their escape on the 2d of July and have reached this city—Gen. Thomas J. Green, Capt. Charles K. Reese—D. Drake Henry, of Cincinnati, R. A. Kerkley, of Tennessee, David S. Krongey, of North Carolina, & John Forrester.

The following are the names of those who escaped on the same day and were recaptured:—John Young, Truman B. Beck, of Indiana, David J. Davis, of Kentucky, Thomas Hancock, formerly a Santa Fe prisoner, Duncan C. Ogden, of New Orleans, J. Allen, Samuel Stone, of St. Louis, and Augustus Ely, a native of Germany.

The Mexican steamers Guadalupe, Montezuma and the City of Dublin together with the brig Santa Anna and other brig of war, name (not recollected) arrived at Vera Cruz on the 30th ult., under command of Commodore Thomas Marin, with the whole of the troops from Tobacco, having quelled the insurrection in that province.

Dr. A. Gariater, who was taken prisoner we believe at San Antonio, was liberated through the intercession of friends.

Capt. McManus, of the barque Mary Pennell, died at Vera Cruz recently.

The following are the names of the passengers:—J. J. Skunikson, J. Fielding, Dr. A. Gariater, H. Foster, S. Hass, A. Robinson, D. A. Lawrence, W. Harris.

The following is an extract from our correspondent's letter:

MEXICO, July 15, 1843.

Gentlemen—I was very much disappointed in the Texans not being released on the 13th of June. It was resolved on and would have been done, but for the arrival of your paper a few days before, containing a statement of a new invasion of Santa Fe.

I do not know what effect the negotiation now in progress for peace may have upon these men; favorable, I hope, and that is all I except from it; for Mexico will not treat except on the basis of re-annexation and the abolition of slavery, to neither of which do I suppose that Texas will consent.

"THE GRAY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE."

Most of our readers have heard the expression, and are at no loss for its solution; but many may not be aware of its origin. In the hopes that it may amuse, and prove profitable to them, we give the story as follows:

An English gentleman having married a young lady, who was handsome, accomplished and rich, expected to reap the harvest of matrimonial felicity, but he soon found that she was of a high domineering spirit, always contending to be mistress of him and his family; and he, therefore, resolved to part with her. He went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he could replace her in her former home, he would return her every penny of her fortune. The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of this complaint, asked him why he should be more dissatisfied at it than any other married man, since it was a common occurrence with them, and consequently, no more than he ought to have expected; the husband said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any

other man, his wife had a very attractive spirit, and certainly no man who has a due sense of right and wrong, would ever submit to be governed by his wife.

"Sir," said the old man, "you are little acquainted with the world if you do not know that women govern their husbands, though not indeed by the same method. However, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness them to a cart, in which I will put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you shall find all your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your wife as no more than her neighbors; if on the other hand, your horses go first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune.—This Proposal was two advantageous to be rejected; the young man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife. At the first house he saw, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making further enquiry. At the next, he met with something of the same kind, and at every ordinary house; in short until his eggs were almost gone; when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the country, he knocked at the door, and inquired for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but that his lady was in the parlor. The wife, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but would much rather not disturb him. "Really madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me—you may, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for a stranger to be so free, but, as a great weight depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse—what I wish to know is this—whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, Sir," replied the lady, "that is an odd question, but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of acting rightly, I shall not scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things, but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entered the room, and confirmed every word his obedient wife reported in her own favor; upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and accept it as a present.—A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle—her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but the madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said he, "and will you not take her then? but I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well my dear," replied the husband, "if you will have it so, I must give way." "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take my horses back, and endeavour to live in peace and harmony with my wife."

To keep Irish Potatoes from rotting when dug early in August.—Lay down some rails or other timber on the floor of a dry cellar, on which lay floor plank a few inches from the ground, spread your potatoes on this floor, not exceeding six inches in depth, and then sift dry stacked lime over the whole lot. This will be found a sure mode of keeping them sound. We speak from the experience.—*North Alibamian.*

Solitude Sweetened.—Married, in Warren, (Pa.) on the 12th ult., by Hosas Shattuck, Esq., Abram Solitude to Miss Mary Ann Sweet, all of that place.